THE HISTORY OF HENRY the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lancaster*, Earle of *Westmerland*, with others

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in strands a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hoofes
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious close of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beseeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Souldiers now, under whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walkt those blessed feete,